

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave.

Volume 3.

RODNEY, (MISS.) TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1836.

No. 33.—Whole No. 137.

THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THOMAS H. FAIRBANKS.

At FIVE DOLLARS per year, in advance, or

SIX at the expiration of the year.

The paper discontinued until all arrears

are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter

period than one year.

Terms of Advertising.

For square of ten lines or less, for the first

insertion, One Dollar; for each additional inser-

tion, Fifty Cents.

Longer ones ten cents per line for the first,

and five cents per line for each additional inser-

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To those who advertise by the year, a

liberal discount will be made.

POETRY.



From the London Metropolitan.

COMFORT.

I'd like to have a little farm,
And leave such scenes as these,
Where I could live without a care,
Completely at my ease.
I'd like to have a pleasant house
Upon my little farm,
Aisy and cool in summer time—
In winter close and warm.

I'd like to have a little wife—
I reckon I know who;
I'd like to have a little son—
A little daughter too;
And when they'd climb upon my knee,
I'd like a little toy
To give my pretty little girl—
Another to my boy.

I'd like to have a little chaise,
That we might take a ride;
I'd like a little pony for
My boy to jig beside.
I'd like to have a little cash,
And owe no little debts;
There's nothing in this world so much
An easy temper frets.

I should not like my wife to shake
A broom-stick at my head,
For then I might begin to think
She did not love her Ned;
But I should always like to see
Her gentle as a dove;
I should not like to have her scold—
But be all joy and love.

If I had these I would not ask
For any thing beside;
I'd be content thus smoothly through
The tedious world to glide.
My little wife and I would then
No earthly trouble see—
Surrounded by our little ones,
How happy would we be!

From the Knickerbocker Magazine for August.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

I. Ye bid me mingle in the dance,
And smile among the young and gay—
Ye say that grief will melt my glance,
And turn my raven tresses gray;
I care not, yet I strive to bow
In meekness to my lonely fate—
I dry my tears and smooth my brow,
The while my heart is desolate.

II. When last I join'd the festive throng,
I heard—'t would my brain to sear—
A stranger breathe the very song
That first he warbled in my ear.
The words, the tune, but ah! that tone
Which living lips could imitate!
Mid laughing crowds I stood, alone,
Utterly desolate.

III. I miss him by the evening hearth—
I miss him at the silent meal—
But keenest in the bow of mirth
My joyous solitude I feel;
But late I saw a happy bride
Smile fondly on her wedded mate,
While I—oh! would that I had died
With him who left me desolate.

IV. Ye speak of wealth—in Mammon's mart
There's not a single boon I crave;
God cannot heal the broken heart,
Nor bribe the unreturning grave;
It cannot fill the vacant seat
Where once my honored husband sat,
Nor still my heart's convulsive beat,
Nor make my house less desolate.

V. Alas! the base on which we build
Hope's fairest fabric, is but air;
And laughs the heart, when God has willed
To lay his chastening finger there!
A brighter, happier dream than mine
Did never love and hope create;
I bowed before an earthly shrine,
And Heaven has left me desolate.

VI. And yet not so: my soul, be calm—
The hand that smiteth will sustain;
Thou hast a helper on whose arm
The mourner never leans in vain.
O! may that arm the pilgrim guide
By the straight path and narrow gate,
To where the loved in bliss abide,
And hearts no more are desolate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Columbia Telescope.

ENCHANTED TREASURES.

We find, in a late number of the Evening

Star, the following odd vestige of popular

futility and superstition:

"Search after the Kidd's Gold.—The dream

about Kidd, the old Pirate and Buccaneer

of former times, having deposited his trea-

sures somewhere among the bays and creeks

on the shores of Long Island and New Eng-

land, still, we perceive, haunts the imagina-

tion of some of our money-loving brethren

"Down East." By the New Bedford Ga-

zette, we learn that persons persuaded of

the old and exploded tradition, are ac-

tually digging up the shore on many parts

of New England, with the full belief that

they might discover kegs or kettles of se-
creted doubloons. Kidd has supplied the
imagination of some of our best writers with
the materials of many a wild romance.
Among them, Mr. Irving has immortalized
the freebooter. But the tradition of his
wealth has furnished the lower and ignorant
part of the community, who never read no-
vels, and hanker after nothing but puff, with
a stimulus much more potent upon their cu-
pidity than the perusal of any legend, how-
ever tragic or monstrous, could give of plea-
sure to the warmest enthusiast. The New

Bedford Gazette mentions a man who, a
few years since, actually dug into the mud
at New London, at the cost of \$500, with
the certainty of striking on a chest of doub-
loons. We think it a reflection on the mo-
rals and education of the community that
such a superstition should continue to reign,
and that too in New England, considered the
most enlightened and civilized portion of
our country. The age of divination, of as-
trology, and of witchcraft, we had hoped
was past, at least there. Among the peo-
ple, at least informed backwood settlers such
things might be, and we know, so far as re-
gards the discovery of hidden springs of
water, by means of witch-lazel boughs, this
art, professed by certain negroes, still exists,
and is practised and believed in Kentucky,
and in that vicinity. There may be scien-
tific causes to explain this last, but the gold-
hunting mania is a mere hallucination of the
mind—an intoxication of the reasoning
faculties, caused by an unhallowed and in-
ordinate passion for lucre."

The legendary absurdities which, on the
sea coast, attach themselves to the name of
Kidd, are transferred, in the interior, to
other mythological personages, equally fan-
tastic. On the coasts, these superstitious
minds are always attributed to the fiercest
and greediest pirate ever known to molest
their shores. In New York, Captain Kidd;
on the Virginia and Carolina coasts, Blue
Beard; in the West Indies, the dreadful
Morgan, are the several proprietors of all
the buried wealth. Among the Uplands, it
is to French and Spanish miners of the ear-
lier times of this country, that the hoard and
its guardianship are given. The story,
however, is always, in its main features, the
same. The secret treasury is always de-
fended by the watch and by the magic of
powerful and subtle spirits, from whom no-
thing except the highest skill in the same
formidable arts, can win the slightest glimpse
at their charge. But if some lucky adept,
like Doustersmythe in the Antiquary, detects
the existence of the hoard, and attempts to
obtain possession of it, he is sure to encounter,
on the part of its devilish propagators,
a thousand frightful tricks of diabolism,
to deter him from his search, or to betray him
into some violation of rules magical, that
dissolve, in a twinkling, the spells by
which he works, and leaves him not only
sadly nonplused, but well mauled or ducked,
and benighted into the bargain.

In the mountains of Virginia, we are per-
sonally acquainted with the actors (the
heroes at least) in a tale of this sort. An
exceedingly honest, sensible and pious old
negro miller, named Ambrose, was the chief
dupe in this case, and our historian of the
whole affair, which he and the whole neigh-
borhood certainly believed most religiously.
An old hunter and woodsman of that re-
gion, hold in the highest repute as a man-
ager of the divining rod, and for his skill in
treasure-finding, in "taking the spell of a
rifle," and the like, had ascertained the ex-
istence, in one of the deep hollows of the
mountains there, of a huge chest of gold.
But to possess oneself of one of these strong
boxes of the devil, is not one of those fear-
less bed or air-cushion affairs, on which a
man loves to fling himself down without a
friend at his side. Our engineer, therefore,
communicated his mystery to a chosen little
band of his stoutest associates in the bar-
hunt or at the shooting-match, and, with
their assistance, the adventure was set about.

In all these enterprises, the dreadfulness
of the attempt itself is always assisted by
the necessity of making it at some black-
hour of the night—the only season propi-
tious to such undertakings. Our worthies,
in profound darkness, and a silence enforced
by the certainty of "breaking the spell," if
a single word should be uttered, might find
their way to the precise point, in a very gloomy
mountain dell, to which the main operator
guided them. There, at a hole which was
visible enough but a few years ago, and
which stands on an unquestionable witness
of the whole transaction, they made poor old
Ambrose (whom they brought with them
for the purpose) begin to dig, having first,
with magical rites and ceremonies, duly
surrounded the spot with a circle large
enough to contain the party. Into this circle
nothing evil could obtain entrance to in-
terrupt them, while, as before mentioned,
due silence was observed. The old negro
struck his mattock into the earth, and blue
flashes of light burst up, and enveloped the
whole party. At the signal of the water-
witch, however, Ambrose, though sore dis-
mayed, struck on; and a thousand snakes
hissed and rattled under and about him. But
on he went, redoubling his strokes. Pres-
ently a clamor of ten thousand infernal
throats burst forth, shaking the very moun-
tain around them, and an innumerable ar-
ray of fiendish shapes filled the whole re-
gion, except the small space which afforded
them protection. Ambrose, a very strong
nerved old fellow, dived on, thought not
without sundry knockings together of his
knees. Nor was it long before his mining
tool brought to view the top of a vast chest
of iron. At its disclosure, the fiendish con-
cert about pealed out a chorus still more
damnable than that which was already
freezing their blood with terror. But they
persevered; and now the mattock, struck
under the lid of the box, wrenched up the
cover, and showed at least five bushels of

French guineas beneath; when the astonish-
ed and delighted old negro forgot himself,
and burst out, "Dare, my God!!" At the
word, the chest vanished from their sight—
a thousand horrid peals of such laughter as
they have in hell rung out all around them;
an awful gust, made up of thunder, mud,
wind, brimstone and fox-fire, mixed in equal
proportions, suddenly took them off their
legs, depositing them, with many a bump
and thump, in certain quagmires, some half
a mile off; whence, getting out as well as
they could, they got home as early as pos-
sible, to recite to their amazed neighbors
the tale that we have related.

MUNGO PARK'S LAST PARTING WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The following interesting passage is from
the biography of the celebrated traveller,
recently published:

"When about to leave Scotland for the
last time, Park paid a farewell visit to Sir
Walter Scott, at Ashestiel, where he re-
mained the night. Next morning, Scott ac-
companied his guest part of the way to
Fowlshiels, and as they rode across the
chain of low hills which divide the Tweed
from the Yarrow, Park talked much of his
new African expedition. Scott, too anxious
for the personal safety of his friend to be
able to sympathize in his enthusiasm, could
not help pressing upon him the dangers to
which he was about once more to expose
himself. They were then on the summit
of Williamshaw ridge, which overlooks the
course of the Yarrow. A thick autumnal
mist concealed the river, and extending
over the lower ground, was creeping slowly
up the hill, from which the friends endeav-
ored in vain to catch any feature of the
valley which lay before them. In this the
traveller saw nothing but the common ap-
pearance of a September morning; but the
vivid imagination of his companion con-
verted it into an emblem of the dim, uncertain
prospects of that enterprise which had form-
ed the theme of their discourse. But, though
little disposed himself to give way to feel-
ings of despondence, Park was so much
afraid of encountering the distress of his
family at parting with them under such try-
ing circumstances, that he communicated
to Scott his intention of proceeding directly
from London to Edinburgh, without return-
ing to bid them a formal adieu."

"As the friends, thus engaged in interest-
ing conversation, had arrived at the spot
where they had agreed to separate, a slight
circumstance occurred which deserves to
be noticed, as it discovers the feelings by
which, at the moment, their minds were
respectively occupied, and perhaps it may
also be considered, as characteristic of the
two individuals. In crossing a small ditch
which divided the moor from the road, Park's
horse stumbled and nearly fell. 'I am
afraid, Mungo,' said Scott, 'that is a bad
omen;' to which Park replied, 'Frets
follow those who look to them,' and, riding
away without a formal adieu, he was soon
out of sight. Scott's fine imagination seems
frequently to have yielded itself up to a willing
slave to the influence of superstition, while
Park's more ardent temperament led him
to disregard every thing but the real
dangers of his enterprise, and the most ef-
fectual means of overcoming them."

THE TOMB OF BYRON.

It is but a few years ago that I stood by
the grave of the greatest poet, and one of
the most extraordinary men of this or any
other age. It was in a miserable little vil-
lage! and he had gone and dwelt in the
lands of old renown—in the lands of pre-
sent and perpetual beauty; he had walked
with the mightiest, and the wisest, and the
most illustrious of the earth, and not only
the multitude, but they also had looked upon
him with wonder and admiration! He had
desired pleasure, and repeated it down to
the coarse and jagged stubble of pain and
barrenness; he had panted for renown, and
had won it in its fulness; he had rejoiced
to sail on wide seas, had sat amid the eter-
nal and most magnificent mountains, and
gathered up thoughts of everlasting grand-
eur; all that was lovely in nature and
man he had seen and partaken without
scruple, and without measure, and even
turned in scorn from his native land, and
sworn that his bones should never lie in its
bosom, but death stood before him, and his
heart melted and acknowledged its alle-
giance to the mighty power of nature—the
irresistible force of early ties—and here,
from all his wanderings—all his specula-
tions, and all his glory, to this little ob-
scure, unattractive nook of earth, he was
brought! Not a spot of all those distant
and beautiful ones might defraud this of its right-
ful due; nature was more powerful than
time, or space, or passion, or fame—dust
must mingle with its kindred dust!

MARTIN LUTHER.—This extraordinary
man has left a beautiful thought upon the
married state. We will confer a favor on
our readers by selecting it for our columns.
"It is almost as impossible," he said "to
dispense with female society, as it is to live
without eating and drinking. The image
of marriage is found in all creatures; not
only in the animals of the earth, the air, and
the water, but also in trees and stones.
Every one knows that there are trees, such
as the apple and the pear tree, which are
like husband and wife, and which prosper
better when planted together. Among
stones, the same thing may be remarked,
especially in precious stones—the coral,
the emerald and others.—The heaven is
husband to the earth. He vivifies her by
heat of the sun, by the rain and the wind,
and causes her to bear all sorts of plants
and fruits."

The elections in Kentucky have gone
decidedly in favor of the opposition.

Under this head the
Boston Mercantile Journal relates a curious
anecdote (entitled to full credence) of a
gentleman of respectable standing in that
city. It appears that he had for three
years rented a house of a widow lady, who
boarded with him during that period. Her
board bill was presented regularly every
quarter and settled. She occasionally was
absent on a visit to her friends, but never
asked or received any deduction for board
during such periods. She had also nursed
him with much kindness and affection in
sickness. A few days since, her quarter's
board bill was presented with an additional
amount for four days' board. As the lady
had no friends visiting her during the last
three months she very properly requested an
explanation of the item, which was promptly
given—"You know," said this devoted wor-
shipper of dollars and cents, "that since you
have boarded with me, I have uniformly
charged you each quarter, for only thirteen
weeks board, which would give only three
hundred and sixty-four days in this year—
whereas we all know that a year consists of
three hundred and sixty-five days. Conse-
quently in the course of three years you have
received three days' board, for which you
have never paid a farthing! It also
should not be forgotten that the present year
is leap year—and this makes exactly the
four days!"

The following lines have
this singular property—if read downwards
in two distinct columns, they express the
faith of the church of England; if read hori-
zontally, two lines in one, they express the
faith of a Roman Catholic. They are said
to have been written many years ago by a
gentleman who was travelling in Ireland,
and who, when interrogated about his re-
ligious profession, produced these lines, and
either read them perpendicularly or hori-
zontally, according as the company consist-
ed of Protestant or Roman Catholics.

The Church of Christ, each be
The Church of Rome, I see,
I never can receive
What Catholics believe
The Apostles handed down
The faith which by the Crown,
No superstitions stain
With Romish and other
With Romish and other
With Romish and other

"Nosey."—Judging from the euphony of
their names, the Russian diplomats would
seem to have remarkable sympathy to their
noses, and to be invoking every one to rid
them of such a useless excrescence, as
soon as possible, e. g. The new imperial
minister to this country is called S-m-nosoff,
(say my nose off.) An attaché of the same
legation in Washington, Blownosoff,
(blow my nose off.) Besides which we have
Col. Kutmanosoff, of the imperial
guards (cut my nose off.) Marshal Putman-
nosoff, (pull my nose off.) Gen. Nozobegun,
(nose begone,) and many others.

Washington Metropolitan.

SINGULAR AND DARING ROBBERY.—A
robbery was committed on the premises
No. 208 East Broadway, occupied by Mr.
Sylvester Robinson, on Thursday night
under the following singular and daring
circumstances: When Mr. R. retired for
the night he placed his clothes in a chair at
the head of the bed. In the morning when
he arose, he discovered that the chair
clothes, and all, were gone. On making
search for the missing garments, the pants-
loons were found on the floor near the room
door, and all the other articles were scatter-
ed about on the stairs. On examining his
coat pocket he discovered that the robber had
helped himself to all the money it contained
—a ten dollar note on the Chemical Bank,
and a four dollar bill of the Quinabank
Bank—but he left all the papers. Mr. R.'s
watch was lying on the dressing table at
the foot of the bed, which the thief had to
pass in entering and retiring from the room
and it is rather singular that he should have
missed this prize. The doors were all se-
cured when the family retired, and there is
no doubt the thief secured himself in the
house in the early part of the evening. A
silver tea pot and other articles of silver
were standing on the dresser in the kitchen
were unmolested. The robbers must have
heard a noise in the house, or he would
doubtless have secured more booty. When
one of the servants went to the front door
in the morning, she found it standing wide
open.—Gazette.

Who wants a place?—A gentleman
in Pawtucket advertises for a servant of
midling sized character, large hands and
small appetite. This gentleman must be
a brother of the lady who kept a boarding
house, and wanted a few young men to
board with her who were quiet, kept regular
hours, and didn't eat much.

A father consulted Themistocles, to
which of two lovers he should marry his
daughter, whether to a poor man of merit,
or to a rich man of a bad character. "Were
I in your place," said he, "I should prefer
a man without money, to money without a
man."

The Blacks.—Go where we will among
our housekeeping friends, we hear com-
plaints of the want of good servants, and
not unfrequently of the impossibility of get-
ting any help at all. But if we take a stroll
through particular sections of the city or
through alleys and lanes in almost any
section at any hour in the twenty-four, we
shall see hundreds and almost thousands of
blacks of all sizes and ages, idling away
their time, doing nothing and looking as
miserable as filth and idleness might be ex-
pected to make them. Were the young
blacks put out, and kept to work, as they
ought to be instead of being brought up to
thrift and beggary, they might supply us
with the best of servants, and the improve-
ments is not less beneficial to them than the
white; as it is however, they are constant-
ly annoying us (especially in the winter
season) with their thefts, begging, and im-
pudence. The Blacks of this city are
certainly less industrious, less cleanly, less
civil and less HAPPY than the negroes up-
on the plantations in the south.

Phil. Com. Her.

AN OLD BLENDER MATED.—About the
year 1750 there was a warm controversy
in the parish in Dedham, as to the forma-
tion of a new burying ground. The matter
was long agitated at successive meetings;
the opposition was violent, and the measure
was finally carried by a small majority.

Deacon Quin, notwithstanding his years
and infirmities, attended all the meetings,
and Captain Baker was violent in the op-
position.

The Rev. Mr. Tyler, with his character-
istic prudence kept aloof from the quarrel.
He conversed freely, however, with both
parties, and endeavored to assuage their
bitterness by his pleasant and good hu-
mor. Soon after the final vote he met Capt.
Baker. "Good morning, Capt. Baker. A
fine day, Captain. Yes, and much good
may it do you. They have got their new
burying-ground, and the sooner they have
use for it the better. But one thing is cer-
tain, I'll never be buried there as long as I
live."

This was too good a blunder for the par-
son to keep; and so he steered straight to
the Deacon Quin's to enjoy the joke with
him.

"Good morning, Deacon. A fine day,
Deacon. Wish you joy of your new bury-
ing-ground. You were rather too many for
them at last." "Oh yes, Mr. Tyler, we
outgeneraled them completely." "And
what do you think Captain Baker says
about it, Deacon?" "Oh! I don't know;
he's an awful wretch. What did he say?"
"Why he says he never'll be buried there
as long as he lives." Why, if God spares
my life I will, Mr. Tyler.

A CAMP MEETING IN NEW JERSEY.—
Beginning at the crowing of the cock on
Monday morning last week, and ending on
Saturday, there was a splendid, and most
curious soul saving camp meeting held at
Middletown Point, near the sea shore, in
the shady woods, in Monmouth county, New
Jersey.

For five days and five nights nothing pre-
vailed in that holy retreat but love, religion,
prayer, praise, psalmody, grace, sal-
vation, making mathes, and soulsaving.
The number of persons who assembled
were equal to the number of holy Apostles,
deducting Judas Iscariot—viz. eleven.
About two thousand persons were in con-
stant attendance, morning, noon, and night.
The tents were crowded—the thickets
were full of pious folks—every bush under
the pale moon had a lovely angel protruding
from under its piny leaves. The young
handsome rascals from New York and
Philadelphia were very numerous.

The place where the meeting was held is a
lovely spot—a gentle vale, about two miles
from the big, broad blackguard sea shore,
just on the brink of a sweet, calm creek,
and several streams running round it, as the
ancient rivers did the garden of Eden on
the morning of the creation. The trees
were abundant and full of leaves and shade.
The bush, the maple, the uncompromising
oak was there in all their glory and magni-
ficence. The stars of Heaven could be seen
through those fragrant branches, and some
of the lovely female converts could see fur-
ther—could discover the holy saints and
angels fit full choros in the happy mansions
of the blessed beyond the darkly studded
firmament.

A large platform was raised in the centre
where the parsons preached and prayed
warm. As the spirit moved the women in
the listening crowd, they were brought up
—placed in the ring—the faithful formed a
groupe, and prayed over them in loud and
sublime tones till they felt perfectly happy.
In the tents private conversations took
place in abundance, particularly among the
handsome married women. The parsons
and deacons generally prefer such persons
to confer the grace of Heaven upon. There
is not such a difficulty—nor are they as
skittish as the young at nineteen and under.
A farmer's daughter was converted on Wed-
nesday evening about 10 o'clock, when the
evening star twinkled from the edge of a
dark cloud—and the white firmament was
studded with anphires. The balmy breath
of evening stole up the vale as if it had
been perfumed with the roseate flowers of
Paradise. The sea wave leaped softly up
the pebbly strand, and embraced the shore
with the fondness of a lover.

Not a voice, not a sound disturbed the
scene, but the distant music of the choir
who were singing the midnight anthem of
the Lamb. The young woman was the
most beautiful of her sex; and the clergy-
man who was the means of her salvation,
was a young man of great piety, eloquence
and fervor. They preached, and prayed,
and groined in the spirit for two full hours—

but the ecstatic moment came at last. Oh!
what delight there is in saving souls from
perdition!

This number of the converted are esti-
mated at fifty women and two men—the
"spoils of victory."—N. Y. Herald.

Emigrants for Texas are starting from
Nova Scotia. Fellows that will both fight
and work with good will.

"Our blood boils."—Washington Globe.
Let it boil out. It may prove a specula-
tion. Sap, well boiled, becomes sugar, and
sells for a shilling a pound.

Lon. Journal.

CONSUMPTION.—Why are the Van Buren
men like fish out of water?
Because they are always lying about the
Bank.—Id.

SPLENDID EXHIBITION—GREAT ATTRACTION.

On the 4th of March, 1837, there will
be performed in Washington City, the last
comic feats of Martin Van Buren and Com-
pany. Van Buren's benefits, and positively
the last night.

The feats of the season will close by a
general jump down "throatum." First the
Officers of Government, long in their mas-
ter's pay, at the crack of his whip will
jump down the throat of the Kitchen Cab-
inet—the Kitchen Cabinet will jump down
the throat of Master Van Buren—and then
Master Van Buren will jump down his own
throat, when the dark curtain shall forever
fall. Papers friendly to the company and
their antic tricks, will please give notice.

Admittance half price—Children and Ne-
groes, less.

MONSIEUR.—John Bull is still in ad-
vance of the Yankees. In London, the mo-
del of a locomotive is exhibited, which is to
go one hundred miles an hour on a rail-road,
without steam!

Mrs. ROYAL, from Washington, prin-
cess of the "loafers literature," called upon
us yesterday. "Where is he?" cried she,
as she entered the office—"where is Ben-
net?"

She was handed into my editorial room,
where I was sitting quietly, surrounded
with papers and notes, writing my para-
graph.

"My God, Bennet," said Mrs. Royal, in
extacy, "how are you?"
"Oh! my dear Madam," cried I, "I am
delighted to see you."

"How can you write in the midst of this
noise?—I do all my editorials at night."
"My dear Mrs. Royal," said I, with a
smile, "you know your dear sex can always
do thrice as much of any work by night as
by day—you always prefer night work."
"Oh! you rogue," said she, holding me
arms' length—"you are just as saucy as
ever—well how do you come out—so you
have quit politics?"

"Absolutely, I despise politics and politi-
cians."
"You are perfectly right," said she, with
a sigh—"but I must do something for my
country—I must put down corruption."

"Put down corruption—put down the de-
vil—you ought to put up corruption—and
we not corruption itself! Do we not live,
move and have our being in corruption? Pny,
what did our country ever do for you?"

"Nothing, my dear Bennet, as God is
my Judge, but break my leg, and break my
heart, and keep me out of my money. What
is the quarrel between you and Webb? I
saw Webb this morning, and asked him
about it. He told me you and he loved each
other like poison."

"Ha! ha! ha! why Webb is per-
fectly harmless."

"Bennet, my dear son, why did you not
give him a kicking when he assaulted you?"

"I stripped him of his integuments."

"So you did, so you did—ha! ha! ha!—
how I have laughed at that recounter. But
I want good lodgings—can you recommend
me to any hotel to stop at?"

"Certainly—the Astor House is the
place for you—every other hotel is full.
Won't you go see the Sun editor?"

"What the Great Indictment?—no, no, no
—where's the Astor House?"

"Go from my office across the Park, and
the first house in Broadway that looks like
a Penitentiary or State Prison, is the Astor
House—enter and you'll find good lodgings."

"Are the people civil?"

"If they are not, you can teach them
civility. It is not the first time you have
taught barbarians politeness, and the Astor
House and Boyden sadly want advice."

"God bless you," said Mrs. Royal—
"God bless you," said I, and off she trotted
for the Astor House. Her recollection there,
which was funny, will be described to-mor-